



The Wrought Iron Stove Co.,

OF ST. LOUIS, MO.,

Representing the largest range manufactory in the world, are now in this and adjoining counties selling their celebrated

HOME COMFORT RANGE

which is only sold from their wagons. Over 321,820 now in use.

Wrought Iron Range Company,

Sole Manufacturers.

[Established in 1864, St. Louis, Mo.]

Branch Factory, Toronto.
Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.

HOME COMFORT ROLL OF HONOR:

Three Gold and One Silver Medal
The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition,
NEW ORLEANS, 1884-5.

HIGHEST AWARDS
Nebraska Board of Agriculture,
1887.

DIPLOMA
Alabama Agricultural Society,
AT MONTGOMERY, 1888.

AWARD
Chattahoochee Valley Exposition
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, 1888.

HIGHEST AWARDS
St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association,
25th Annual Fair, 1889.

HIGHEST AWARDS
Western Fair Association,
LONDON, CANADA, 1893.

SIX HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Columbian Exposition,
CHICAGO, 1898.

SIX GOLD MEDALS
California Midwinter Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, 1894.

Above Honors

WERE RECEIVED BY

Wrought Iron Range Company,

AND

D. L. CARTER,

Superintendent for County, Barton, Vt.

BARTON, VT., March 28, 1896.

WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.:
Having used one of your Home Comfort Ranges, purchased from Mr. Darrah, I find it all and more than it was recommended to be.
JOHN FORRESTER JR., Justice of Peace.

BARTON, VT., March 28, 1896.

WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.:
Having brought one of your Home Comfort Ranges some time ago, we wish to say we are much pleased with it.

G. W. ABBOTT,
Mrs. G. W. ABBOTT.

ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 25.

We have used a Home Comfort Range for some time and find it all the salesman recommended it to be as to heating and cooking. We are much pleased with our range. Would not dispose of it at any price if we could not get another.

MR. AND MRS. GUY WOODWARD.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Motto: "God and Home and Native Land."

UNCLE SAM AND THE SALOON KEEPER.

Once Uncle Sam called upon the saloon-keeper.

"I have been hearing sad words about you and your establishment," said Uncle Sam, "and I have a big notion to close up your whole establishment."

Then the saloon-keeper was greatly disturbed, and at once took Uncle Sam out in front of his magnificent building and showed him the throng of men pressing in. "See how well dressed and respectable they are," urged the saloon-keeper. "Why, some of the first families in town patronize my establishment."

Then he showed Uncle Sam the great trains loaded with grain that were rushing toward his distillery, the army of workmen employed in brewery, distillery, and saloon, the great stream of money kept in brisk motion by the enterprise, and a thousand evidences of thrift.

"Why, Uncle Sam," cried the saloon-keeper in triumph, "this industry of mine is by all odds the most important in your entire domain. It keeps hundreds of thousands at work; and if you should shut up my establishment, you would ruin the farmers, and the railroads, and the machine shops, and the laboring classes."

Uncle Sam stood for a little while with his chin in his hand, and then he looked up with a sharp eye. "There is a front and a back side to every business. You have showed me what goes in to your establishment. Now, will you please show me what comes out? I have learned to estimate a business not by the raw material, but by the product."

But the saloon-keeper strenuously refused to do this, and the reason can easily be imagined by the reader.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

AN EPILOGUE OF SERMONS BY CLERGYMEN OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

To-day every intelligent person is an evolutionist in his method of thinking, even if he doesn't accept the evolution theory of man.

I believe in the natural laws. You sow onion seed, you reap onions; you sow hell, you reap hell; you sow heaven, you reap heaven.

If you deserve punishment in the world God will punish you; if you deserve punishment in the future you will get it. That is Universalism.

Pure men and women are ruined by contact with those they meet in the dance hall. Children sent to dancing schools are started on the road to hell.

Tell your wife nice things while she is alive. Don't wait until she is dead, and then tell the minister how fine a woman she was. Give more taffy and less epitaph.

The best achievements come after many failures and disappointments. Failures are the stepping stones to the successes of the world. The success that comes without failure is as evanescent as the morning mist.

The skeptic has cultivated the critical faculty. It is not an inferior faculty. It destroys, but it does not build up. A child can pick a flower to pieces but it takes God to make one.

There is no new creed or old creed. There may be new light from the Bible, and there certainly will be from the living word of God. But there can be nothing beyond Jesus.

The church is not a mere teacher of principles; she is a guide and mother; she has our salvation at heart; and to effect this she comes down to the smallest things, having solely in view our needs.

The great evil of intoxicating drink is now acknowledged by all the organs of public opinion, for it is established beyond legitimate question that it undermines the health, enfeebles the mind, separates the husband and wife, and sometimes wrecks entire families.

We hear a good deal about liberty of conscience and liberty of thought, which, in fact, is a plea for license to tear down and destroy, with subtle inference and pretense, the faith of men in the old and settled truths of the Gospel.

The laborer of to-day may be the millionaire of the future in these times of changeable fortunes. The rich man is hard to convert after he has become rich, and the only sure way to have the rich is to reach them when they are laborers.

I would to God that every church in America were animated with the spirit of the Salvation Army. If so, what a golden stream of treasure would pour into the storehouse of heaven from what has been regarded as the waste-heaps of human life.

The church is not Christianity. Neither is orthodoxy. It is possible for a church with an orthodox creed to be devoid of the Christianity of Christ, which is neither an organization nor a creed, but spirit and life—the spirit of love and the life of God.

Take a dose of DeWitt's Little Early Risers just for the good they will do you. These little pills are good for indigestion, good for headache, good for liver complaint, good for constipation. They are good. H. C. Pierce, Barton, D. W. Hildreth, Barton Landing, R. R. French, Glover.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Lesson For the Week Beginning April 19.

Comment by Rev. W. J. Yates, A. M.

Topic, The Scriptures as a Source of Inspiration.

SCRIPTURE READING.—Math. xii, 3, 4, 41, 42; Heb. xi.

One of the most powerful agencies for the spreading of the kingdom of God is the circulation of the Christian Scriptures. Preaching, teaching and exhortation are all valuable and effective instruments, but nothing can replace the Bible. No arguments of man are as convincing as its truths; no persuasion is so drawing; no logic is so indisputable. When the books are opened on the last great day, it will be a wondrous story which will be unfolded of the power of the simple Scriptures in convicting men and bringing them to God.

When Perry's fleet lay in the harbor of Yokohama, a high Japanese official in a native boat watching the foreign vessels saw a book floating in the water. He secured it, but for many months could find no one who could read the language in which it was printed. After long search he found a man who read it to him. It proved to be an English Bible. Convinced of the truth contained in it, he sought to follow its teaching, and after the first missionaries appeared in the land he sought out one of them and publicly professed Christianity. Many people have found pardon and peace by the single study of the word of God. It inspires trust, hope and love in God and leads to a new life.

A New Era.

It is evident to the most superficial observer that we are on the eve of a new era in religious matters. The attention which the persecutions of the Armenians by the Turks is arousing and the vigorous protests of all Christendom mark a decided advance in the condition of the world's thought. The young people are an important factor at the present time in all the spiritual life of the community. The old lines of antagonism and jealousy between old and young are fast disappearing. The young are coming to revere real piety in the elderly as never before. The mature and aged are encouraging and fostering the advancement of the young with increasing care. A time of greater activity and liberality is dawning. The long, hard struggle with grinding poverty and privations inseparable from the settlement of a new country are now nearly past. Plenty and prosperity are in many homes. Wealth and power have come in place of the old pinching and persecution. Under these more genial influences a larger hearted type of piety must be developed. The world cries for help. No longer do we pray for doors to open. All doors are wide open. The need is not for men, but means. The young people must rally to the help of the Lord. Let our young men and women dedicate of their earnings liberally to the cause of Christ, and the kingdom will advance not by steps, but by bounds and long leaps. Help, not a little, but all you can.

The Work of Christ.

How wondrously His life and teaching have changed the face of all human society. The religions of heathenism were hollow ceremonies or orgies of shameful impurity. These have been overthrown and banished into obscurity, till it seems difficult to imagine a condition of society in which they could be tolerated. Pity has been lifted from a vice and weakness into a virtue. Poverty, which had always been a curse, is glorified into a beatitude. Labor is no longer a vulgarity and slavery, but a dignified duty. Marriage, from being a burdensome conventionality, to be shirked if possible, and possessing little if any sanctity, has been ennobled almost to a sacrament. He revealed a purity more than angelic in its beauty, and of which the world had well nigh despaired. He showed a meekness and charity at which the scoffing of men grows silent in awe and reverence. His influence has molded character in all lands and among all races of men where His gospel has come, so pure, so gentle, so brave and strong, has made homes to arise so full of beauty and sweetness, where before was strife and abhorrent impurity, that there can be but one explanation of the wonder. He must be the wisdom of God and the power of God, for He makes men godlike.

The Christmas Conference.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized in Baltimore at a meeting of the itinerant preachers Christmas, 1784. All those who had been preaching through the country were local preachers and unordained. The number was small and the total church membership was insignificant. But they were filled with zeal for the salvation of men. Dr. Thomas Coke had been ordained by John Wesley and sent over to organize the church. The manner in which these pioneers of Methodism proceeded is well worth the careful study of our Leagues. Not long since one of the chapters in Connecticut gave a public representation of this famous conference, and illustrated the way in which the work was done. Such a method of teaching our history is as effective as it is unique. It would not be difficult for others to follow their example and in such an entertainment convey much valuable information. Try it.

Doubt.

They bade me cast the thing away;
They pointed to my hands all bleeding;
They listened not to all my pleading.
The thing I meant I could not say.
I knew that I should rue the day
If once I cast that thing away.

I grasped it firm and bore the pain.
The thorny husks I stripped and scattered.
If I could reach its heart, what matter?
If other men saw not my gain,
Or even if I should be slain?
I knew the risks, I chose the pain.

Oh, had I cast that thing away,
I had not found what most I cherish,
A faith without which I should perish,
The faith which, like a kernel, lay
Hid in the husks which on that day
My instinct would not throw away. —H. H.

THE CZAR'S BODYGUARD.

Will General Tcherewin's Death End One Phase of Russian Despotism?

The death of General Tcherewin is an event of some importance, inasmuch as it is expected to lead to the discontinuance of the special institution which the late general represented, and which, in fact, he may be said to have created—the special guard, composed of a variety of persons known and unknown, including the police of the imperial residence, for the protection of the person of the czar. At least it is rumored that the late general is not likely to have a successor in exactly the same position under the present young czar, and indeed the condition of affairs now is so different from that which led to the creation of this extraordinary position in the early years of the last reign that in all probability its continuance in its present form will be considered unnecessary. Its present machinery may simply be incorporated with the other departments of the ministry of the household, if not at once, perhaps after the coronation. In any case some change in this respect is being discussed.

The high favor in which General Tcherewin was held by the imperial family was shown by the presence of the czar and his imperial mother at the bedside when the general breathed his last. The removal of the body to the church of the regiment of horse guards was also attended by most of the emperor's uncles and cousins, and the dowager empress was present at prayers in the mortuary chamber before the coffin was carried by troopers of the horse guards, followed by the dignitaries of the court and government and members of the imperial family. The body will be taken by rail on Saturday to the late general's estate in the province of Kostroma.

General Tcherewin distinguished himself in the Polish campaign of 1863 and the Turkish war of 1877. During the latter he was head of the czar's Cossack bodyguard, which he commanded for nine years. From 1878 to 1880 he was assistant chief of gendarmes and head of the third section of his majesty's cabinet, otherwise the secret political police. Subsequently he became assistant minister of the interior. While he was in control of the secret police an attempt was made upon his life by a nihilist, whom the general horsewhipped on the spot, after disarming him of a revolver. Alexander III attached the general to his person and gave him immense authority in all that concerned his majesty's safety. He was therefore the constant companion of the late czar, and, although he was very fond of good cheer, his keen intellect was ever on the alert to serve the best interests of his sovereign. —London Times.

A Touch of Nature.

An American clergyman, whose dream it had been to visit England, crossed the ocean at last for his ten weeks' vacation. For a fortnight he enjoyed going about alone from place to place, seeing the sights, but he soon became lonely and then homesick. One Saturday morning he started out for a long walk, having no plan for the morning's recreation. He penetrated far into the wide reaches of the east end. There were crowds of men, women and children wherever he went, but not a face that he had ever seen before or would ever see again. Turning from the busier streets he found a narrow lane and sat down on the stone step of a dreary tenement house.

While he was sitting there he heard a child's sobbing voice from the open hallway behind him. Looking around he saw a little urchin crying as though his heart would break. "What is the matter, my little fellow?" asked the clergyman in his gentlest tone. "Homesick, sir," said the child. "Since mother died I have had no home. I don't seem to belong to anybody. I want some one to talk to." "Well, lad, there are two of us. I am very lonely too." "But haven't you a home anywhere?" "Yes, but it is a long way off, across the sea." "Why don't you go back to it? If I only had a home, I would never leave it."

The lonely minister, who had found his vacation in the awful solitude of London unutterably depressing, did not have an answer ready. But his heart went out to the homeless little waif. He took the child out of the empty house, obtained decent clothes for him at a charitable institution, paid board for him at a lodging house, and finally carried him to America at the end of the vacation. —San Francisco Argonaut.

Discovery of a Dreadful Plot.

Some excitement has been caused in church circles by the discovery of a secret society at Cambridge whose object is to convert the undergrads to extreme high church views. The society calls itself the Companions of St. John, and it is said that the members have to take an oath not to disclose the fact of membership to any one. One of the religious papers has ferreted the matter out and seems to be greatly perturbed at its discovery. So far the Companions of St. John do not appear to have done anything dreadful, and if it amuses them to play at being a secret society I do not see that it matters very much to any one. If the paper in question had discovered a popish plot against the crown, it could hardly have made more fuss. —London Figaro.

The Bloomers Failed.

Bloomers as an aid to smuggling were tried by two San Francisco girls in an experiment that failed. The girls took passage to Honolulu on one of the mail steamers and excited the suspicion of the Hawaiian customs officers by going ashore clad in voluminous bloomers. They were followed to a house in Honolulu, where they discarded bloomers and 60 tins of smuggled opium were found. The girls were arrested and convicted of smuggling, but on appeal to the supreme court the case against them was dismissed because their guilt was not proved clearly. The girls returned to San Francisco a few days ago in the steamer, wearing skirts.

A HUNDRED CARIBOU IN A HERD.

A Sight In a Maine Pond the Like of Which No One May See Again.

"I was trout fishing early one summer in Somerset county, Me.," said a New York sportsman. "My camp was on the shore of one of the many small lakes that abound in that part of the state. One evening just at sunset my guide came in all a-quiver with excitement."

"If you want to see something that neither you nor any other man will ever be likely to see again," said he, "just sneak down to the pond with me."

"I crept stealthily in his wake down through the thick timber to the edge of the lake. It was still light enough at the upper end of the lake, where we were camped, and which was not in the shadow of the hills, for us to see plainly a quarter of a mile along the margin of the water. The guide cautiously parted the dense growth of young birches that fringed the edge of the lake on that side."

"Look yonder!" he whispered.

"I looked and my heart almost jumped out of my mouth. The sight was almost past believing. All along the upper shore of the lake, standing belly deep among the lily pads, in various attitudes of grace and stateliness, the water was alive with caribou. Magnificently antlered bulls stamped and snorted and tossed their kingly heads among meek faced cows, while in and out among them snorted a drove of velvet coated calves. We counted 57 bulls and cows, and almost every cow had a proprietary interest in at least one calf. We watched this remarkable congregation of caribou in silence—the sight being too much for speech—until the shadows of evening began drawing deeply about them, and we could have seen them only dimly a few minutes later. Then my guide whispered:

"We'll pull on 'em just once a-y-ho and see how many we can drop."

"Selecting each of us a big bull, we fired. A terrified chorus of snorts followed the discharge of the guns. There was a sound of water in great commotion for a moment, and the next instant the woods were filled with the crashing of the flying herd through the thick brush. My guide and I sent the contents of our second barrels after the caribou as they rushed in a confused and thickly bunched mass from the water. In less time than it takes to tell all was as quiet as if nothing had occurred to disturb the solitude of the great wilderness. In the water, their huge hulks showing above the broad mat of lily pads, lay the dead bodies of the two old bulls we had selected as our first targets. On the edge of the lake, one with his head in the water and his flanks stretched on the shore, and the other with his antlers lifted high on land, his hind parts buried among the lilies, lay two other bulls, the victims of the two chance shots that followed the herd in its flight."

"I've seen a good many caribou in my time," said the guide—who was Nat Moore, at that time Maine's greatest caribou hunter—"but the natural history of Maine never calculated on me or any one else ever getting in among such a congregation of 'em as that was."

"Two or three seasons after that 30 caribou came into that same lake while Nat was there. He shot one and expected to see the rest of the herd dash instantly away into the woods. To the old guide's surprise, instead of the rest scampering away they seemed to be panic stricken, and huddled together in the pond, snorting and splashing the water about. It wasn't until Nat had shot and killed seven of the drove that the survivors recovered their wits and removed themselves without any more ado out of the reach of his deadly aim. This was 20 years ago. I have been on those Maine waters every year, almost, since then and have never seen but three caribou there in all that time, and two of these I saw last year, killing one, a big bull." —New York Sun.

Forty Dollars a Pound For Dogs.

Forty dollars a pound was paid by a wealthy New Yorker for two small dogs of a new and fashionable breed. Every dog has its type. Toy black and tans, hideous dwarf pugs and striped skyes have had theirs. And now the Boston terrier is strutting his brief hour. His class was a striking feature of the recent dog show, and at the close of the exhibition Mr. M. C. D. Borden, an enthusiastic amateur dog fancier, purchased for \$2,000 the prize winning pair in the Boston terrier class, Commissioner II and Champion Tipsey. Inasmuch as Commissioner II or his mate will tip the scales at 25 pounds, this is perhaps the highest price yet paid, comparatively speaking, for purely pet dogs. The Boston terrier is the fad of the hour, being even in higher favor than the collies, for which some extravagant values are claimed. They are a cross between the bulldog and the English terrier, make excellent house dogs, are bright looking and intelligent and seem to combine all the admirable qualities of cleanliness and courage peculiar to the strains from which they came. They are, as a rule, brindle in color, with liberal white markings. —New York Journal.

A Roentgen Romance.

An Atchison woman is writing a love story in which the cathode ray plays a prominent part. The heroine turns the cathode ray on a young man's pocket-book and finds it full and his heart empty. She at once makes advances, and the young man follows her lead. He takes trick after trick by his skillful plays in the game and is about to ask for her hand when a friend suggests that the girl has another lover on the string. He turns the cathode ray on her heart and finds that he occupies a very small space in it. Discouraged, he commits suicide, and the girl who has learned to love him for himself too late spends the rest of her life in taking solitary rambles to the cemetery, where the daily turns the cathode ray on his grave in order to gaze again and again upon his features and see how he is getting on. It is expected that the story will make a great hit. —Atchison Globe.



What a great quantity of work a "good house-keeper" finds to do! There are so many little time-and-strength-taking chores that have no names. If a woman is in good health there is no more healthful employment than housework. Generally speaking, there is no happier woman in the world. But how different when every breath is pain, every step torture! This state of health, in nine cases out of ten comes from derangements of the delicate, feminine organs of generation. The family doctor inquires first concerning these. He most usually insists upon an "examination." From this the modest woman naturally shrinks. She is right. Excepting in very unusual cases of "female weakness" examinations are unnecessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a simple, natural remedy for these ills. It cures safely, permanently.

Send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive free a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.
OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

By the action of Smith's Rheumatic Cure upon the Liver and Kidneys, these organs are enabled to throw off that excess of acid in the blood, which produces Rheumatic pains.

SMITH'S RHEUMATIC CURE CURES RHEUMATISM

Geo. G. Smith. Dear Sir:—I used four bottles of your Rheumatic Cure after having suffered for thirty years. It troubled me most in my back and side and I was in constant pain all that time. I got your medicine last July, using it as directed and it very soon began to relieve me. Am free from all pain now and know of nothing else that has helped me but your remedy for rheumatism. You are free to publish this if you wish.

WILLIAM KETTERMAN.
Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, Dec. 10, 1892.

Sold by all druggists and general dealers at \$1.00 per bottle, or sent prepaid from the home office. Treatise and book of testimonials free. Geo. G. Smith, druggist, So. Londonderry, Vt.

it is what a cough may lead to that makes it so dangerous. HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is a medicine that has long been tested in private practice. Sold by druggists generally. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

Life Insurance

that you can understand and that will pay just what you expect, for sale by

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G. H. SMALLEY, BURLINGTON.

GEN. AGENT.

For Sale.

The Shop Building, next below the G. A. Drew sash and blind shop in Barton Village. Good two-story building, with Water Power, Shafting, etc. Suitable for Shop or Manufacturing purposes. Will be sold cheap for cash or good security.

F. C. BROWN, Barton Landing.

SALESMEN

Wanted to Take Orders for nursery stock. Salary or commission to reliable men. Cash advanced for expenses. First-class references required. The R. G. Chase Co. Malden, Mass.